

has formed your insides, because today it's written all over your face.

Another memorable question (and I know you're waiting for the third song, which I'll get to) was posed to me by the mother of one of Jesse's friends. We had taken the boys on a short ski trip—husbands not invited—and were preparing dinner. We were talking about family, kids, work and juggling—what else—and she asked me, "What sustains you?" I was taken aback; I'd never really thought about being sustained, let alone what did it. I thought a minute and replied, "love of those around me". When it comes right down to it, the love and support of those around us provides the sustenance for us to go on and do what we do.

The point of sharing these two questions and answers is that the self-knowledge—the seeing clearly, even of obstacles, that you are capping off with your diploma today is a reward in itself. Obstacles seen through the rainbow of the light of knowledge are manageable. Take a few minutes over the next week and ask your self these questions—what has formed you, and what sustains you?—and you will take great pride I am sure in your answers, and appreciate even more this great day.

Now for the third song. I actually sang this at a fundraiser for Bill Gray. It was at the Franklin Institute. The acoustics were bad, and everyone kept talking during the speeches. No one could hear the speakers, who were praising Bill for his years in Congress, as he was retiring to head the United Negro College Fund. So I decided to sing, and I sang "Oh, the Lord Is". I thanked Bill for using the tools God had given him to benefit us all. But I thought of doing this because this song is my joyful tune. It gives glory, yet has humility in it. It says that all we need, Lord, is the tools, just give us the tools and we'll do the rest. We'll do the hard work, sweat the sweat, take the time, apply the creativity, nurture, plant, prune, water, and cause the tree to grow. Give us the brains, the brawn, the fortitude, the courage, the hope, and we'll do the rest.

And, when I would leave a college exam on which I had guessed right as to what was going to be asked, I thanked God for the tools. And after a fairly short and very successful childbirth, I thanked God for the tools.

Well, today, I do hope you, too will take the time, to look around at all you have accomplished, at the people who have sustained and supported you, at the year you have put into doing all the things that wear you down and yet build you up, and give thanks for the tools.

HONORING MARJORIE
HIRSCHBERG, POET AND ADVOCATE

HON. FRANK PALLONE, JR.

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 25, 1998

Mr. PALLONE. Mr. Speaker, it is my good fortune to represent Monmouth County, N.J., a beautiful, seashore county that produced our current Poet Laureate, Robert Pinsky.

Another accomplished poet also called Monmouth County home. That was Marjorie Hirschberg who died last year at the age of 54, a victim of Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis or Lou Gehrig's disease.

Before succumbing to that most vicious, crippling disease, Marjorie wrote poetry on her computer, touching her cheek to a wand until she could no longer even move her head.

Her mother said that through all of this struggle, Marjorie exhibited a bravery and spirit that gave strength to everyone—mother, father, husband and children and enabled them to cope with her rapid deterioration. "Bravo, my child," said her mother in a recent letter to me.

Well, I want to say "bravo" too, for the excellent and moving poetry that Marjorie Hirschberg produced and I would like to share two of these poems with my colleagues. I would also like to include an article that appeared in the Atlanta Journal-Constitution that highlights some of her many other contributions to the arts, women and children. The poems follow:

MY WONDERFUL MOTHER IS EIGHTY TODAY

I would like to drive her through my neighborhood

Honking the horn to let everyone know
How proud I am of her.

Visit all my friends with her
Accepting tea and cake

Or turkish coffee

As tokens of their love and respect. Then

I would take her to lunch some place

Where the prices would scandalize her.

We will talk of bess as suffragette,

Of pearl and the coat and evey and the wagon. Sid

Sid and the store and millie's phone call on
January 1. And Bobby's announcement of joy
to the world.

Then we get to newborn Ethan in our shaker
bed, Elizabeth of the tumbling

Brown ringlets. Of eloping with the brown-
haired adonis who came to the door

All this while eating our fill, sharing two ex-
travagant desserts

Then rolling home,

Knowing the best daydreams

Have a life of their own.

OLD DOG

I watch you lying in the sun on your better
days

Old, tired bones soaking up what little
warmth

The universe still holds for an old dog.

Coat neglected, chewed, host to parades of

Unconquerable, merciless fleas.

And smelly, I do remember that,

An undeniable, ugly fact.

You really smell.

But I remember too how you did love

How children tumbled carelessly all over you
And got adoring looks and happy panting in
return.

Recall that day a wild curly-headed toddler

Made her break for the road

And you shepherded her like an old pro

Those deep, patient sighs from your position
as a rug

Waiting for me to walk you

And then when I could no longer walk

You wouldn't leave my side

Believing like me it would be any minute

That I would jump up and grab the leash.

You became a nuisance to the ones in charge

The smell, the bulk, the fleas

(since we are being honest here,

You always were part nuisance)

So now shuttled between solitary in the hall

And lonely pees in the yard,

You seem a bit defeated

Love hasn't conquered all

We've both seen better days.

Perhaps like me you live in hope that those
days will return

When neglect was just silly human foible

Not the result of grief and numbness

When much fuss would have been made

About your lying on the chaise lounge.

And you could dream each year

Of next Passover and its bone

When even you and I

Will welcome the messiah.

[From the Atlanta Journal-Constitution,
Feb. 26, 1997]

MARJORIE HIRSCHBERG, 54, ADVOCATE—
FOUGHT FOR RIGHTS OF WOMEN, KIDS

(By Malcolm X Abram)

Marjorie Hirschberg spent much of her adult life committed to helping others. As a homemaker, she watched over her family. As an advocate, she fought for the rights of women and children. And finally, as a victim of Lou Gehrig's disease, she underwent an experimental treatment in hopes of providing a future for herself and others.

Ms. Hirschberg, 54, died Saturday of respiratory failure related to Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis—the official name for Lou Gehrig's disease—at St. Joseph's Hospital. The funeral will be a 11 a.m. Sunday at Green Lawn Funeral Home.

Ms. Hirschberg was a native of New Jersey who graduated cum laude from Vassar and later received her master's degree in special education from Bank Street College of Education in New York.

When her family relocated to Atlanta, she briefly taught children with learning disabilities at the Atlanta Speech School before becoming a full-time homemaker, according to her husband, Dick Tauber of Atlanta.

"I was inspired by Marjorie. . . . She was the kind of woman and mother I would want to be," said her friend Audrey Galex. "I've tried to pattern myself after her because she had her priorities straight. Her family and the community came first."

Ms. Hirschberg's devotion to the community was well documented at her daughter Elizabeth's school, Sagamore Elementary, where she taught a special education class and worked with the PTA to bring in more arts-related programs.

Ms. Hirschberg was also active in women's rights issues. As a member of the National Council for Jewish Women, she lobbied for women's and children's rights at the Georgia Capitol. She also co-produced "Atlanta Women's Voices," a public access cable program that discussed issues of particular import to women.

"Something about her was very ethical," said friend and fellow lobbyist Sara Ghitis. "She was a gentle person who had everything about her in the right place."

Ms. Ghitis said that when Ms. Hirschberg found out about her disease, she was furious. "She said, 'I'm not ready to die with all the things I have yet to do in this world,'" Ms. Ghitis said.

When the disease began to severely limit her communication and motor abilities, Ms. Hirschberg sought alternative treatments. "Marjorie had a lot of courage to try this new procedure," said Mr. Tauber. "And she got to go to her son's graduation, which meant a lot to her."

"She told me that as long as I can see my kids, I want to remain alive," said Ms. Galex. "I lost a real role model."

Surviving in addition to her husband and daughter are her son, Ethan Hirsch-Tauber of Atlanta; her parents, Ada and Bernard Hirschberg of Red Bank, N.J.; and a brother, Robert M. Hirschberg of Tustin Ranch, Calif.

TRIBUTE TO RUSSELL PATTERSON

HON. KAREN MCCARTHY

OF MISSOURI

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, June 25, 1998

Ms. MCCARTHY of Missouri. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Mr. Russell Patterson,